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MONDA

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

Accompanied by illustrations from the Artist Lansing's portfolio.

V.—Continued.



By Frank Fowler.

A HEAD.

he apostrophized Wakeman, while pretending to examine his picture closely. "How do you expect me to paint while you're firing off this sort of news at us?"

Stephen picked up the brush and handed it to him, also saying to the unseen conspirator in the thicket: "Is this all true, Wakeman?"

"It is all true," answered the voice of Wakeman, like that of a green ghost from among the leaves.



From a painting by Yeend King.

MARGUERITES.

"He falsified the will," declared Wakeman, with intense slowness, "by making a codicil and signing it with a pen in the old man's fingers, which he moved with his own hand, while the old man was dying—unconscious—practically, you may say, dead!"

This, then, was the source of all the dark mystery.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Lansing, in a smothered tone. "What a horrible disclosure!" But even at this moment he could not refrain from joking. "Then Lee Rhodes," he said, "literally holds the estate by mortmain, or 'dead hand.'" He threw his brush down impatiently on the grass. "D—n it, man!"



From a painting by William M. Chase.

THE ROAD THROUGH THE FIELDS.

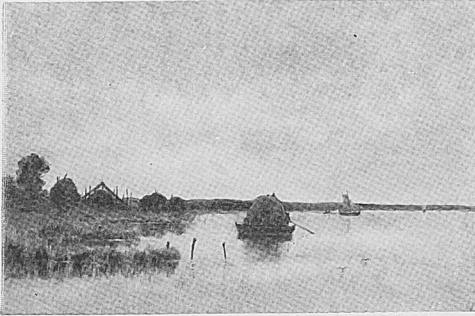
"Then why did you take part in it?"

"Because I was a coward."

"How?"

"Well, I was with Lee Rhodes in the death-chamber, saw him do it, and remonstrated. 'It's too late to change it now,' said Lee. 'Father is dead.' And, sure enough, there he lay blank on his pillow, with staring eyes. 'I'll expose you!' I told him. 'No, you won't,' said he. 'You will sign your name here as witness. Failing that, you will die by your own hand. As a lively "sport," you are known to carry a pistol; but I took that pistol from your room this morning.' Saying which, he cocked it at me. 'Now,' he explained, 'either you sign and keep silence, with a gift of ten thousand dollars from me, or your own pistol shoots you through

the heart, and will be found in your hand afterward. Suicide, because you were desperate at not receiving a legacy you expected.' Well, gentlemen, that was another case of mortmain, with a pistol in it; and I chose to keep my live hand, with ten thousand in it. I accepted."



From an etching by Daniel Kotz.

ON THE HACKENSACK.

The voice of Wakeman answered: "To meet me, again, safely, take my testimony, and protect me. That fellow Emery is in the pay of Lee Rhodes. He is hunting me; and unless you get this thing fixed pretty quick, he will kill me before I have time to bear witness. Do you agree to meet?"

"Yes, rascal," said Lansing, mixing paint furiously.

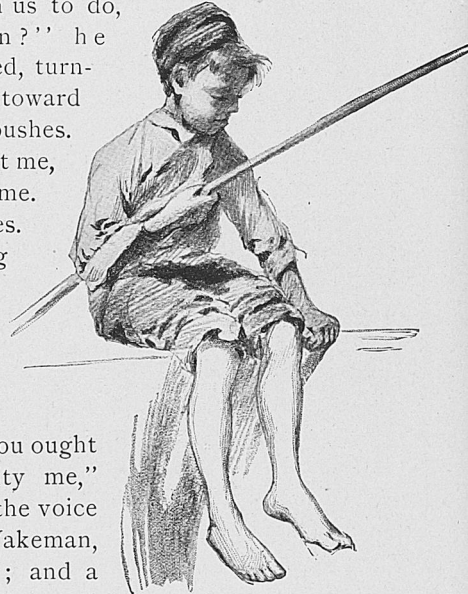
"Yes, wretch," said Stephen.



From a painting by Benjamin Eggleston.

FANCY FREE.

"Scoundrel!" muttered Stephen, stamping on the ground. But, as Lansing warned him to be quiet, he pointed one arm toward the sea, and gazed that way, although the only noticeable object in view was a ruddy-colored cow in one of the fields. "What do you wish us to do, then?" he asked, turning toward the bushes.



Drawn by W. Francis Weed.

HOPEFUL OF A BITE.

"You ought to pity me," said the voice of Wakeman, sadly; and a sudden compassion smote Stephen.

"I do pity you," he said. Then, as though the earth had closed over Wakeman, the voice of confession ceased. The winds blew gently; the butterflies danced; the sweet flowers nodded in the grass, and the sea, afar off, rumbled softly. Stephen and Lansing remained quiet and expressionless, because they dared not betray Wakeman's guilty presence nor their own innocent knowledge to the spy, Emery. Yet, amid all this peaceful charm of the afternoon scene, they knew themselves to be at the very heart of a sinful, harrowing story, that might soon break out into scandal or possibly violence.

VI.

As soon as the light changed enough to give them excuse for leaving, Lansing and Stephen gathered up their painting traps and departed from the field-angle quickly, but in silence; leaving Wake-man in his covert, where he still gave nor sound nor sign of life.

They agreed that their first duty was to impart the painful disclosure to Mrs.



From a painting by W. L. Metcalf.
A LILY POND.

Rhodes. A piteous scene it was when they

told her in the long old parlor, with its faded, stately furniture. Stephen thought he should never forget that sight—the clear summer sunshine coming in through the tall windows, touching here and there the simple flowers exquisitely disposed in vases and glass bowls, and resting tenderly on the bowed gray head—for Mrs. Rhodes had flung her arms out on the little mahogany table by which she sat, and had hidden her face, resting it upon them.

Poor Mrs. Rhodes; poor Angela!—for that was her gentle, old-time name—at that moment, though grieving deeply, she was indeed an angel.

“Oh, I am so sorry for him, so sorry!” she moaned. And then she lifted her streaming eyes to them. “We knew,” she continued, “that there was something wrong or unjust about it. We thought it undue influence. We knew Lee was cold, grasping, selfish—cruel toward us; and we were not strong enough to forgive all that. But now, if he is a *criminal*, how I pity him.”

There was a pause, during which Lansing and Stephen felt themselves to be the most useless men alive.

Suddenly Mrs. Rhodes started up with a hushing gesture. “But, gentlemen—my dear friends,” she impressed upon them (and how Stephen’s heart bounded at the phrase “dear friends”); “Monda must know nothing about this. No doubt it was your duty to tell me, and my duty to hear it. I—I thank you.” Yet there was



From a painting by Emile Stangé.

IN THE JERSEY MEADOWS.



Drawn by Edwin A. Abbey.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

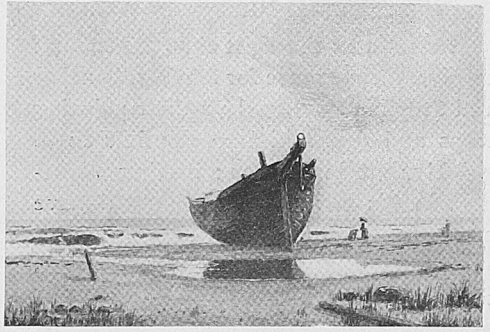
a sob in her voice. "We have done our duty; can we not stop at that? I must pledge you not to let my daughter know."

The two men remained decorously sitting; but, mentally, they were on their feet again. They perceived, now, that they had a part to play in life, after all.

"But justice, Mrs. Rhodes," Lansing began.

"Oh, I care nothing about *that*!" exclaimed the white haired angel, with grand feminine disdain.

"Well, then—mercy," argued Stephen. "There is the question of Wakeman's conscience. Is it not mercy to him, to let him free it and help make reparation?"

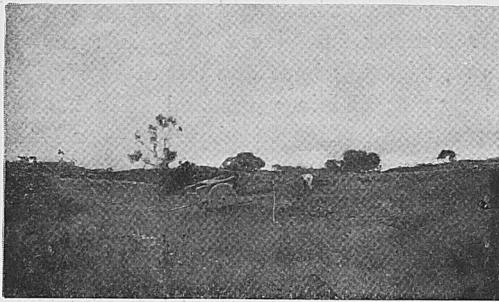


From a painting by E. M. Bicknell.

DESERTED.

"It might be, to him," responded Mrs. Rhodes; "but certainly it would not be, to Lee. I cannot allow anything to be done in that direction, anything looking to punishment, at such fearful cost to our family name." And here perhaps a note of mere human pride mingled with the angelic tone. "Neither justice nor mercy——"

At that moment, Monda entered



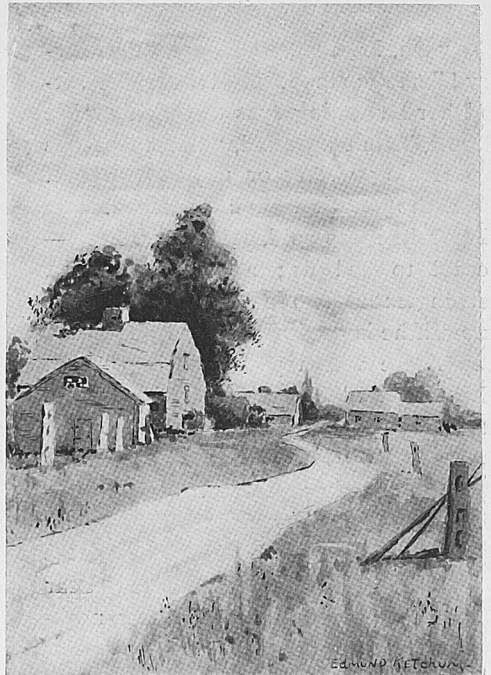
From a painting by Frank DeHaven.

A POTATO FIELD.

the spacious room. Seeing the two visitors unexpectedly, she stopped with an instant's fright, then bowed to them gently and moved to her mother, whom she kissed.

All those three who were in the room became spell-bound by her sudden advent, and were almost transported out of themselves; for this reason: in the calm, clear daylight of the old parlor, not in any dusk or doubtful moonshine, they beheld that ethereal nimbus surrounding her figure, which everyone of them had seen before, though under other circumstances; that dreamy yet actual light radiating from her face, from the delicate curves of her hair, from her whole form; moving with her as she moved, and pausing with her when she paused.

"What *is* it?" she asked earnestly, glancing around from one to another.



Drawn by Edmund Ketchum.

A ROAD THROUGH LAWRENCE.

"I knew, before I came in, that there was trouble—something alarming. I have *felt* it ever since yesterday afternoon; and now I am sure of it. I can see it in all your faces."

Lansing and Stephen, restrained by what Mrs. Rhodes had said, could hardly venture to reply.

"Ah, I know what it is!" cried Monda, softly, but in the most natural manner, without a trace of weirdness. "That person, Wakeman: you have told me nothing more about him for days. That must be it—something to do with *him*."

There was nothing for it, now, but to tell her the fact; and her mother, yielding, did so, aided by anxious yet half-angry interjections from the young men, burning with suppressed chivalry.

Monda listened gravely and simply, without agitation yet earnestly. "Well," she said, at the end, "as for what you men call justice, I call it revenge! Mere revenge."

"But how about God's justice?" asked Stephen, solemnly.

"God's justice," answered Monda, quietly, with a searching gentleness, "is not human."

She would not consent to, nor even hear of, anything being done to bring the chief criminal to the bar. "You see, my friends," Mrs. Rhodes observed, with a happy smile, "my daughter agrees with *me*."

But the two men pleaded that, Wakeman being suspected by the enemy, his life was in danger; something at least ought to be done to rescue him, guard him, and perhaps ensure to him an honest future. "Besides," Lansing suggested, "who knows but that all this is a mere scheme of his to obtain money? We have no

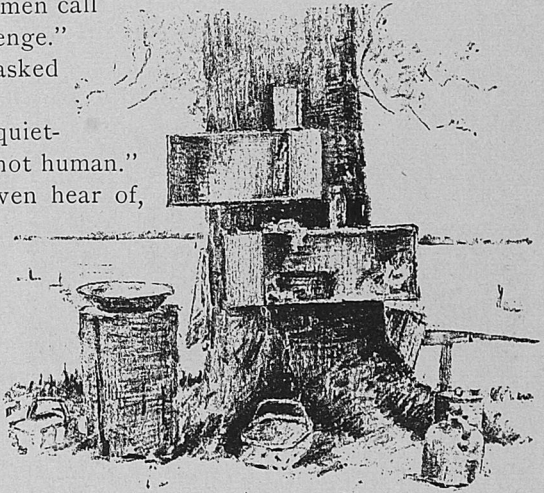
proof of his accusation, yet. Justice and mercy to Mr. Lee Rhodes, as well as fairness to Wakeman, require that we should investigate further."

"Yes, all that sounds reasonable," said Monda. "Still"—and here she showed an anxiety that went to their hearts—"there may be danger in it for you, Mr. Lansing, and for you, Mr. Raynor. I cannot consent that you should put yourselves in peril. Leave it all, I beg you! Or else send word to



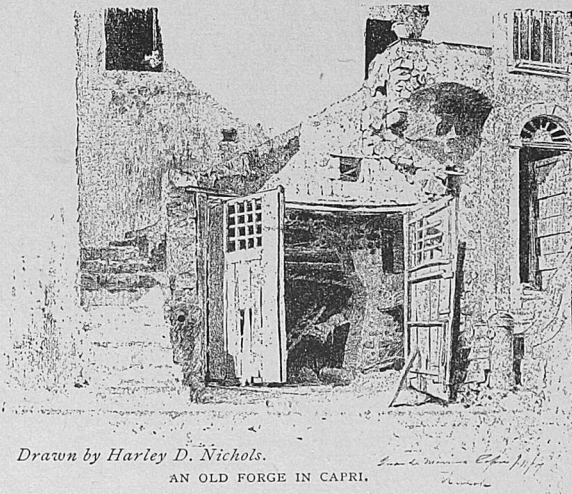
Drawn by Rolland H. Livingstone.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.



Drawn by Jane Ames.

THE CAMP PANTRY.

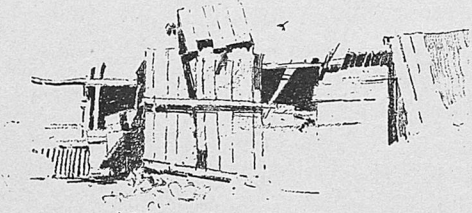


Drawn by Harley D. Nichols.

AN OLD FORGE IN CAPRI.

this Mr. Wakeman to go away, that we do not care anything for the property ; and, if it is necessary, get him an escort of legal officers."

Monda felt that she had solved the problem ; and now the others noticed that the filmy radiance which had hovered round her faded away. The cheery light of good fellowship returned into her eyes ; and she was the every-day woman once more, with no visible mystery of feminine nature.



Drawn by Walter C. Hartson.

A BACK-YARD SKETCH.

simplicity and sweetness of her argument there seemed nothing to be said. Once more Mrs. Rhodes spoke : " You see, my daughter agreed with me ; and now "—proudly—" I agree with my daughter."

" Well," said Stephen, rising, " we have done what we thought right ; but now, of course, we'll follow your ideas so far as we can. There will be no prosecution. Yet I may have some duties to fulfil toward Wakeman."

Raynor and Lansing withdrew, and the happy vision of the oblong old parlor and those two rare women faded from their sight for a time. But Stephen felt that a sort of crisis had occurred in his life ; that he had received a new insight, though he could not tell what ; and that, somehow, the rest of his career was to be entirely different from his past.

Both he and his comrade, however, were stung by a lively curiosity, still, to learn something more of the Wakeman matter.

That afternoon, while Stephen was pottering in the barn-studio, the lad of the wood-pile loitered in and shyly slid another letter into his hand.

" See here ! " cried Stephen, in his general worriment over the affair taking him almost savagely by his ragged collar. " Is this from Mr. Wakeman ? "

" Yes ; it be," said the boy.

" Well, where is he ? Where did you see him ? Where did you leave him last ? " demanded Stephen, gruffly.

" I don't know where he be," replied the little fellow,



Drawn by Edw. Payne.

A PERSONAL NOTICE.



Drawn by Daisy E. Clarke.

THE CORNER OF MY STUDIO.



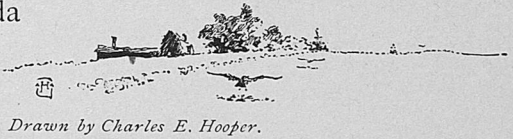
Guy Standing

Drawn by Guy Standing.

MOONLIGHT.

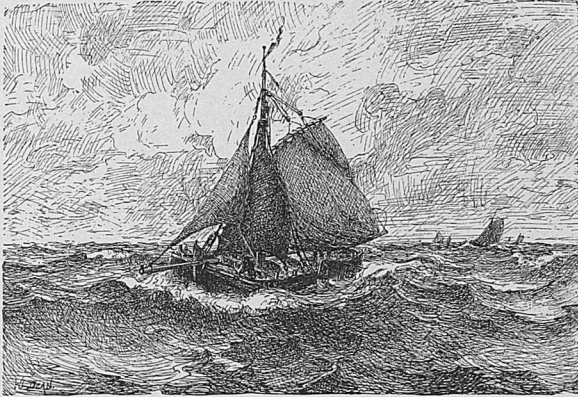
Monda

tearfully; " 'n I didn't leave him. He left *me*; 'n he wor goin' Montauk way, then."



Drawn by Charles E. Hooper.

"Montauk?" Stephen let go the boy's collar, carrying away from it a snip of rags unconsciously, in his astonishment. For he remembered his first and prophetic vision of Monda—how he had seemed to behold her standing on that lonely headland of Montauk. What strange conjunction of circumstances could it be, which now brought up the name unexpectedly, and perhaps was leading him thither?



Drawn by Walter Dean.

THE DUTCH FISHING VESSEL.

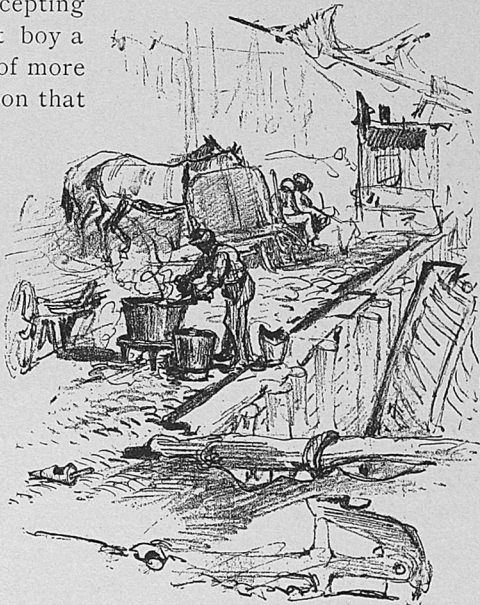
The letter, in fact, which he read while the messenger waited, proposed another and final meeting three days from then, in Hither Wood, the first considerable forest growth on Montauk. A decision, therefore, must be made. Stephen saw that it was useless to consult any longer with others. Moreover, as to

any question of peril, the letter provided: "Make police arrangements, if you wish. Or bring a few discreet friends, if you like, and post them near. You do not really need them; but it might be safer for me."

This appeared so like good faith, that Stephen impetuously resolved to risk everything and to go by himself, with only a trusty weapon in his pocket for emergencies. He scribbled a hasty note accepting the appointment, and gave the bare-foot boy a handsome fee to carry it, with a promise of more if he should deliver it safely; whereupon that small functionary made his exit with a hand-spring, followed by caperings of delight.

A voice within Stephen cried: "For Monda! All is for Monda, now!" Every fancy of any other earthly alliance or loyalty disappeared; even the golden dream of fair-haired Dora vanishing; and if he could not serve Monda to some practical purpose, he was determined to work for her still in a kind of abstract devotion.

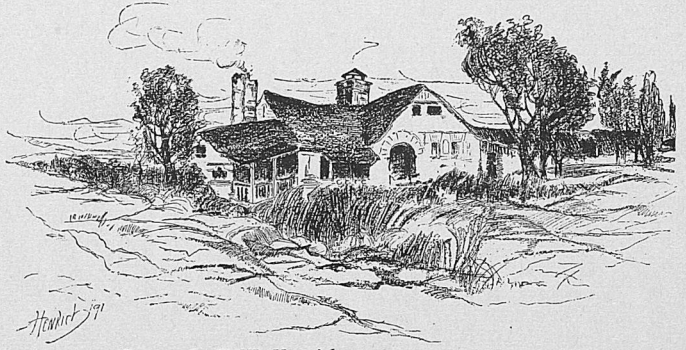
But, as luck would have it, the very next day Schemerhorn and Selden, with Dora Morton, organized a driving expedition to Montauk light-house, in which they invited Monda and her mother, with



Drawn by Harry Fenn.

AT COENTIES SLIP, NEW YORK.

the Lansings and Raynor, to join. By presenting themselves at "the light" as castaways, or people shipwrecked on land, they had reason to believe they would be sheltered there overnight; and the whole trip was looked forward to as a great lark. Ste-



Drawn by F. W. Henrich.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

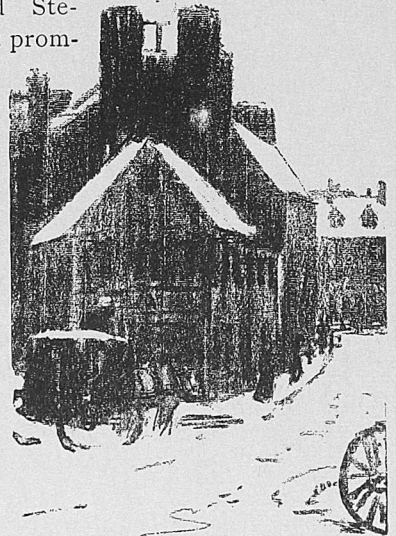


Drawn by L. Clarence Ball.

THE OLD WILLOW.

phen, however, could not go without betraying or missing his appointment with Wakeman, though Hither Wood lay directly on the way. He was forced to confide to Lansing his real reason for declining; and his friend approved it, reluctantly agreeing, also, to keep it secret from the others.

Their little caravan of two smart covered wagons departed next morning on the long thirty-mile route; and he was left alone for a day, which he spent chiefly in the rustic studio, deeply contemplating the bust of Monda, and falling into moods of jealousy regarding Selden, for his nearness to her. The following day began dolefully with fog and mizzle; but this rather pleased Stephen, because it promised to make his movements less ob-



Drawn by Sydney R. Burleigh.

A WINTER EVENING.

For just as Stephen had leaped into his place behind the driver, and was congratulating himself that all was well, there came a splash and patter of small feet along the wet road, and a thin, boyish voice crying: "Mister, Mister! Stop, oh, please!" Stephen leaned out from

the leathern side-curtains to look around, and beheld the little secret-service messenger of Wakeman, panting, pale and wan.

"What's the matter?" he asked, nervously.

"Oh, he wrung my neck; yes, he did," the youngster complained, putting up his hand to feel that useful bond between brain and body.

"Who?"

"That black man you told me about—that Emery."

"Emery! When?"

"Yistiddy—no; day 'fore yistiddy," said the boy. "He caught me on the road, 'n he wrung my neck till I give up your letter. Then he read it 'n said, 'All right,' 'n give it back, 'n I carried it to Wakeman out on Napeague"—the long, low isthmus between Amagansett and Montauk. "But that black fellow, he told me not to go nigh you again; and I daresn't till I see you a-startin' out this way. Oh, mister, please take me in!"

So, then, the enemy had captured his despatches; and what was likely to be the result for Wakeman? Could it be fatal? Should he ever again behold the poor fellow alive?

In Hither Wood there is a granite rock with strange red stains upon it, which from earliest times were held to be the blood-stains of an Indian chieftain slain there; whether by fair means or foul, who knows? It was under the lee of this rock that Wakeman and Stephen were to meet. And then there was another legend, also, of a rock upon Montauk, with a strange footprint in it that matched another on Shelter Island, many miles away, and corresponded to still a third one on the distant mainland. Those three huge footprints, as the witching story ran, marked two great leaps which the evil spirit—Mucheshesumetoo—had made on his way to fling himself into the sea, when he was exorcised and cast out from a great Indian pow-wow, long, long ago.

A breath from these old fables seemed to blow upon Stephen, as he drew near his destination; and with this there was mingled a very real and present dread of something fearful that was about to happen, or likely to happen, in that place. "Yet why," he asked himself impatiently, "should we modern beings be affected by such idle myths and remote fancies, or even by what we call mysterious warnings?"

As though to encourage him, the fog retreated to its



Drawn by Howard C. Christy.

BEECH TREES.



Drawn by H. S. Watson.

A KNOWING ONE.

unseen lair ; the sun came out. They had passed the half-swampy isthmus of Napeague, and Stephen's spirits rose. But as they drew near to Hither Wood the sky clouded again ; all the landscape took on a lowering, malignant look, and a noise of wandering thunder trembled through the air.

"Now, quick !" said Stephen to the driver. "Here is where we are to turn off. There are the bars we must let down to get into the field. Then we drive over that, and you get under cover of the trees in case it rains. I'll take the boy with me."

Soon the two were trudging through the wood according to the direction Wakeman had given in his note. The expected rain did not descend ; but as they came out into a high opening that gave a view over the barren Montauk hills they paused a moment, involuntarily, and in that moment a dark figure appeared before them on the edge of the slope.

It was Monda !

The sky had blackened so that it seemed like night ; but her form stood out clearly against the sable background with a faintly discernible illumination around it.

"Mr. Raynor !" she exclaimed, starting forward with a finger uplifted. "Why are you here ?"

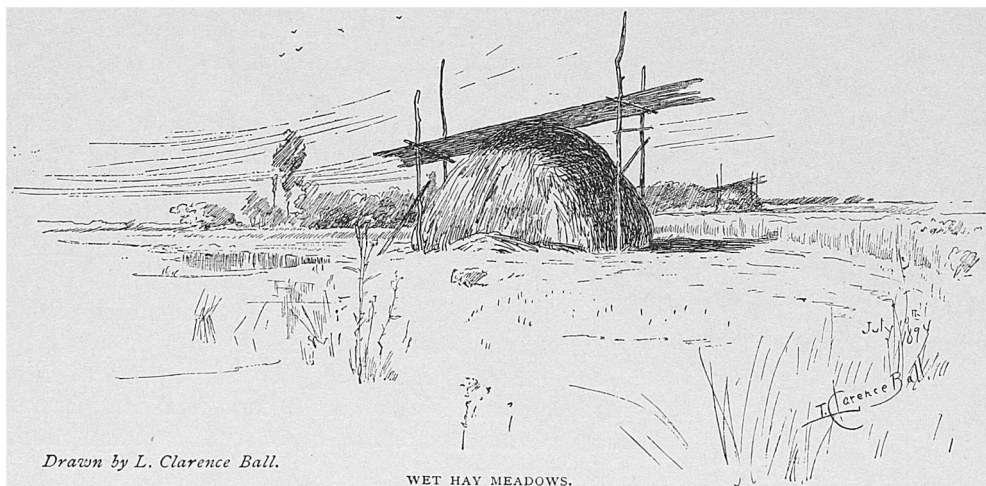
"And you ?" he asked in amazement. "How does it happen ?"

"Because," she said, "I am afraid—afraid for you. We are on our way back from the light. An accident to one of our wheels, just below here, stopped us ; and I—I have been so anxious. Though I could not tell why, somehow I felt, I *knew* you were in trouble. I supposed you were in East Hampton ; yet while we were



Drawn by C. E. Hooper.

A SKETCH IN SPRING.



Drawn by L. Clarence Ball.

WET HAY MEADOWS.

waiting—they're trying to repair the wheel—I grew so restless ; it seemed to me I must come up this hill and look——”

“For me?” Stephen exclaimed, inquiring with a sort of triumphant hope.

Surprised into embarrassment, she bent her head, without reply ; then, though blushing still, she raised her face and gazed at him with clear, straightforward eyes. “But you haven't told me what brought *you* here,” she said.

“A vital matter,” he answered, suddenly realizing again the peril that might be hanging over Wakeman. “I will explain it afterward. Now there is not a moment to lose.”

“No, no, Mr. Raynor,” Monda protested, seeing him turn quickly as though to leave her. “Whatever it is—you must not go.”

“And why not?” he demanded, facing round again.

“Because you are in danger,” she declared, earnestly. “Wait here, I beg of you !”

Stephen was carried away with a sudden fervor. “Wait?” he repeated. “Ah, if it were only that you were trying to save me—not from danger, but from the rest of my life alone ; then, Miss Monda, I might wait ; yes, and gladly.”

“Hush,” she warned him. “Trust what I say. Wait !”

From the depth of the wood, while she spoke, came a deep, baying tone, wild but musical. “What's that?” Stephen exclaimed, with a start.

“It must be Mr. Selden's fox-hounds,” Monda explained. “He insisted on bringing them, though they're of no use at this season ; and he let them loose when we stopped.”

“They're on a trail of some sort,” Stephen returned ; “and I must follow mine. Wakeman is in this wood, and it is my duty to find him. That enemy of his, too—Good God ! What if they have met and I should be too late !”

Again the storm rumbled a warning ; but, though Monda clasped her hands in appeal, Stephen plunged again into the wood, with his ragged follower ; and as he disappeared Monda glided down the open hill, to summon the others.

The fox-hounds were still booming their deep notes, or snarling on a baf-



Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson.
A BELLE OF NEW YORK.



Drawn by F. T. Richards.

fled scent, when Stephen and the lad reached the red-stained granite rock. There the heavens showed again through the encircling trees. The thunder, as it fled, bellowed one shriek of deep though waning laughter; and Stephen beheld, leaning against the rock, the listless and neglected form of Wakeman, with blood oozing from his breast.

"Run, boy; run!" cried Stephen to the urchin.
"Go; find Mr. Lansing."

He did what he could to stanch the wound; gave Wakeman brandy; and so far revived him before the others came, that the stricken man was able to explain how Emery, creeping around the boulder (the old Indian chieftain's death-place), had surprised and attempted to kill him. A sudden, silent struggle had followed; but just as the wretch gave that dangerous knife-thrust from which Wakeman fainted, the noise of the approaching dogs frightened him off, and he took flight.

An odd thrill passed through Stephen as he realized that, but for the brief delay which Monda had caused, he, too, might have fallen in with the murderer! Had not her prophetic sympathy and vision saved his life?



Drawn by Henry Russell Wray.

A DANDY OF THE PLAINS.



Drawn by Percy

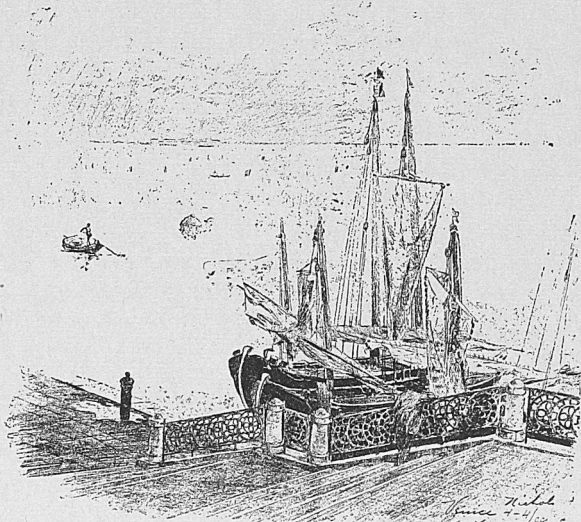
Nicholson.

HOWDY, SAH!

VII.

WHEN the Selden party came up, they held a council, and decided to carry the wounded man on a litter of boughs to the nearest water-point, the landing in Fort Pond Bay. It was a long, hard tramp; and the ladies, therefore, were sent on their way, with a farewell, homeward. As the men moved slowly in the other direction with their burden, it seemed to Stephen that he himself, in the parting from Monda, was bidding farewell to life; and, as before when going to the tryst with Wakeman in the fields, the little beauties of nature affected him with melancholy.

The cheery scarlet pimpernels opening now again under the sunlight, in stony places; the gold flower of the sensitive



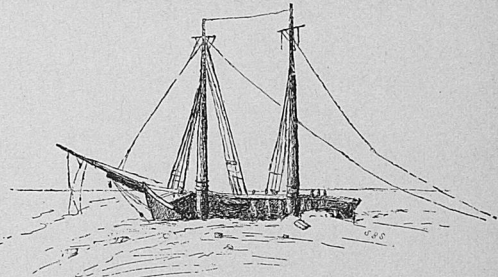
Drawn by Harley D. Nichols.

AN OUTLOOK IN VENICE.

Monda

plant, with its feathery leaves ; the pale sweet ladies'-tresses by the way, or clustering green and crimson painted-cup ; and the faint rose-tint of the crane's bill here and there—despite their gayety, all looked to him like memorials of former happiness strewn upon a bier.

There was indeed a long separation in store for him. The friends came to the conclusion that the only way to insure proper care of Wakeman would be to send him at once to a New York hospital by way of the Sound ;



Drawn by S. B. Skelding.

ABANDONED.



Drawn by Rosalind C. Pratt.

AN ODD CORNER BY THE SEA.

the distance to the rail, and a long journey by train, involving too much risk. Fortunately a tug-boat was cruising near Fort Pond Bay, and Selden immediately chartered this for the purpose ; promising also to make all needed arrangements for an ambulance and hospital shelter, by telegraph. There was no one to go with Wakeman but Stephen. So he found himself still linked to the destiny of this man, who had come into his

life so strangely a few weeks before, and was carried by it away from Monda and his cherished work.

The only condition he made was that, in his absence, Lansing should keep the bust of Monda intact, and sprinkle the clay carefully, so that it should not fall to pieces. "Treat it as you would a flower," was his parting word, "that needs the dew to keep it living."

The injured man's wound, made worse by unavoidable delay in treatment, proved to be slow of healing ; and Stephen, with a devotion he could hardly explain to himself, remained as constantly near him as the regulations of the hospital would allow.

Meanwhile, although Emery managed to keep out of sight and was believed to have escaped from the country, the fact of his attempt on this poor outcast's life had become so public, that it created the wildest gossip all through East Hampton, in the artists' colony and circles also, and among the City friends of the Rhodes family. How the underlying truth came to be guessed was as much a mystery as it usually is in such cases ; for none of those entrusted with it would admit having made it known ; but out it came, like

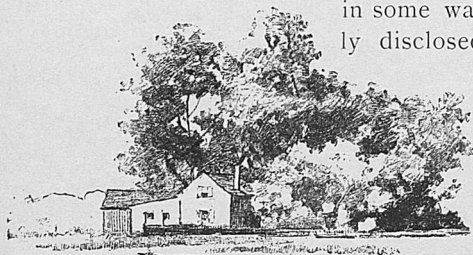


*By Albertine
Randall Wheelan.*

THE SPANISH DANCER.

a spurt of fire through smoke; and Lee Rhodes found himself so conspicuous in the glare, that he was driven to do something for relief.

To make open restitution would be to admit his guilt before the world, and nothing could force him to this. But, in some way not generally disclosed, the worldly estate of Mrs. Angela Rhodes experienced a wonderful improvement. It was whispered that while she



Drawn by Gustave Liebscher.
ON LONG ISLAND.



Drawn by H. G. Maratta.
A QUIET CORNER.

claimed nothing, pressed for nothing, and even shrank with a kind of dread from sharing in the ancestral lands which had been diverted from her husband, a compromise had been effected, or rather a tribute of conscience on Lee's part had been allowed, which put her now in a position of what, to her, was wealth.

When Stephen first heard of this, by a letter from Lansing, he was sitting beside Wakeman's cot in the hospital on Fifty-ninth Street, near a window that looked out across the way upon a convent of Fathers and their adjoining church: a great basilica of rough-hewn dark gray stone, with many buttresses and high square towers. Nature was in one of her moods of penance. Both the sober convents—suggesting a demure mother, put into the shade by her own massive offspring close

by—and the church itself were wet with rain, that dripped like slow tears down the shaggy face of stone or, from the convent window-mouldings, fell in a quick string of drops like bright, dissolving rosary beads.

The pensiveness of the outlook accorded with Stephen's feeling; for this news of Monda's indirect accession to fortune was by no means exhilarating to him. He had told Wakeman of it; and that unfortunate wrong-doer, drawing his thin hands together above the counterpane, murmured fervently: "Thank God! He nearly took my life in doing it, but He has allowed me at last to be a means of expiation and of benefit to Mrs. Rhodes and her daughter." During the weary autumn, which had now merged into winter, a silent intimacy—not talkative or confidential



Drawn by E. L. Morse.

BYRON, A FARMER'S SON.

—had sprung up between these two men, so unlike in character, in their past, and in their prospects.

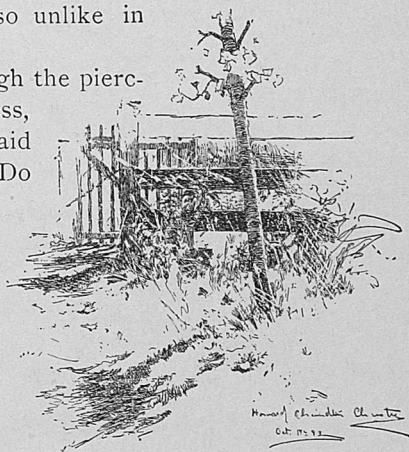
And now, after a moment, the invalid, though the piercing quickness of his eyes faltered through illness, cast a searching glance on his friend, and said earnestly: "You ought to marry that girl. Do you know it?"

Stephen smiled half bitterly, and made no reply. He did not blame Wakeman for the thought; but how could he discuss a hope so sacred with this forlorn remnant of a man? Besides—and that was the distressing point in his reverie—was not Monda now set beyond his reach by a conventional barrier? He had been anxious that justice should be done to her and her mother; yet the very accomplish-

ment of it, he suddenly realized, threatened to part him from her completely. For his own poverty confronted him at this moment as it never had done before, like a skeleton at the feast of life which until then had escaped his notice, veiled as it was, or hidden, by intervening flowers. Hitherto, when he had considered at all the subject of his limited means, it had had a bracing effect; it had been a spur to endeavor. The idea of achieving great things with small resources nerved him to work and filled him with high confidence. But how different it all appeared at present! With a thud in his heart, he recognized that so far, in his chosen field of sculpture—to which, ever since beginning the bust of Monda, he was resolved to devote himself—he had done little more than dream. Fulfilment, the doing of some decisive work, still remained a goal which it might take long to reach.

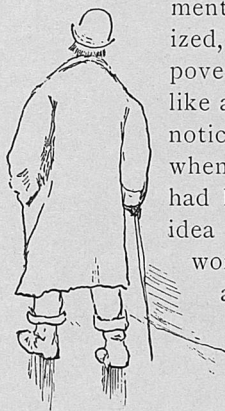
"Why should money," he asked himself, uneasily, "which is so necessary and we are all so anxious to get, turn into such an obstacle, instead of a help, when it falls upon the path of love?" But none of the reasonings which had sprung up so easily in the case of Dora Morton applied in the least to Monda, he found. The money still continued to be an obstacle, even a menace. "Yes," he concluded, "our ways lie apart. She belongs to society now, and will marry some young fellow floating in 'the swim.' Her place is there, and mine is with the poor—in purse and in art."

Perhaps it was at that very moment that a new idea, a large, controlling purpose, began to grow and



Drawn by Howard C. Christy.

A SAPLING.



By G. A. Traver.

IN WET WEATHER.



Drawn by J. H. Gates.

A BIT OF LOS ANGELES.

shape itself in Stephen's mind. "The poor!" After all, the thought of them was a fruitful one, even for an artist.

During his daily visits to the hospital, he had seen a great deal of the poor patients as well as of others. The many phases of suffering, the distress or the endurance and meekness, the returning dawn of health and quiet joy of recovery, or the equally calm surrender to death, which met his eye in looking at these stricken

members of the vast human army, had sunk deeply into him; how deeply, he did not begin to guess until now. A new chapter in the knowledge of his kind had been opened to him. Or, rather, it was as though, walking the solid earth serenely, and thinking hitherto only of its surface, beauty, or struggle and busy action, he had suddenly become aware that it was transparent, and had gazed down into an immense depth.

There he beheld its inmost workings—the secret fire, the ebb and flow of forces, heard also the muffled groanings of the globe, began for the first time to apprehend the mysteriousness of human history, how far the roots of life reach down,

and how all that we can see or imagine of it, or of the earth, is but an outgrowth of the unseen.

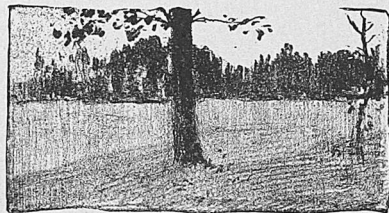
It was the people in humble circumstances who, unconsciously, revealed most to

him, and therefore interested him the most. From seeing them here, also, he became desirous of learning more about them in their ordinary surroundings at home.

"I can put you in the way of seeing plenty of that," said one of the surgeons, with a smile half cynical, half indulgent; "but I assure you you'll find it very tame and tiresome." To his professional mind they became absorbing objects only when they needed serious treat-

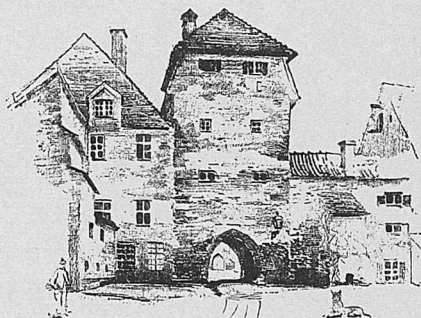


By J. Wells Champney.
A PRETTY FLOWER.



Drawn by A. E. Sterner.

A FIELD IN FRANCE.



Drawn by E. A. Burbank.

OLD GERMAN HOUSES.



Drawn by W. B. Green.

THE OLD WETHER.

ment. But he introduced Stephen to some health officers and young physicians who practised in poor districts, and were able to uncover for him the roofs of many houses, so to speak, and show him what was going on inside.

There was another line, also, on which he followed this new study. The head of the hospital, it appeared, had no very cordial disposition toward the Fathers across the street. But Wakeman, who had fallen away from the active practice of his childhood's religion, insisted—when he seemed near death—upon receiving the ministration of one of them ;

and now that he was on the high-road to full recovery, he still demanded and was allowed to have the support of such good company. This was all done by Stephen's mediation.

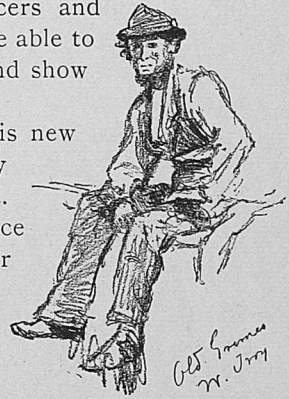
So he naturally fell much into association with the faithful community of the convent, and grew to be interested in their mission work, and also in their teaching and their charitable service. His insight into the existence of the great human majority, therefore, went on increasing ; and in the studio which he had promptly set up, not many squares away, he had already modelled numerous little wax or clay sketches, not only of the sick, but also of types among rough or simple every-day folk.



Drawn by Henry Russell Wray.

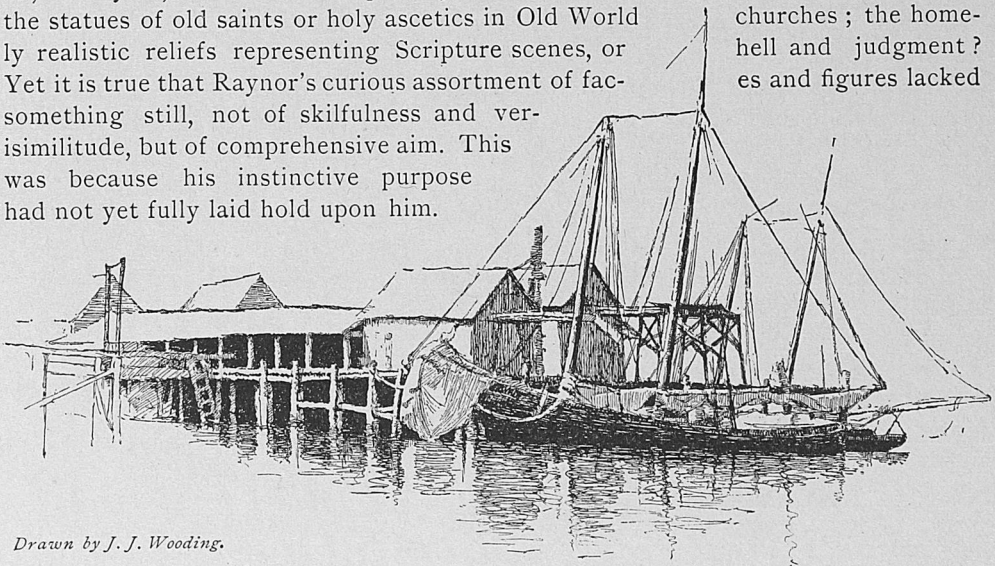
A YOUNG TEXAN.

Rude and unattractive, you would have said some of them were ; and some were wholesome and refreshing to look at. But the sad, strange records of suffering, of agony, of exhaustion, and of wasted features, taken from the hospital, you would probably have called abnormal and unfit for sculpture. So, it may be, was the torture portrayed in the famous Laocoön. And how about the statues of old saints or holy ascetics in Old World churches ; the hellish and judgment ? es and figures lacked



Drawn by Chas. S. Reinhart.

OLD GRIMES.



Drawn by J. J. Wooding.

A COUNTRY WHARF.

His brain and fingers worked well ; but he was making literal transcripts, memoranda of common yet characteristic things usually avoided by his art, without understanding what he was to do with them.

The greatest difficulty, and the greatest triumph, in art, is to be thoroughly imbued with a clear purpose, yet never to let such clearness of purpose make you cold, self-conscious ; in other words, to remain unconscious in glowing creation, while knowing intellectually just what you are about.

Stephen had not passed that stage of difficulty, or gained that triumph.

Still, on this early winter day, while he sat here by the cot, the way began to open before him. The air without was growing colder ; and before long the rain turned to snow. Stephen was thinking of the last time he had seen Monda ; that depressing farewell while he and the other men stood by



By G. A. Traver.
A STREET VENDER.



Drawn by Yeend King.

FROM GREEN TO GOLD.

the litter ; and yet he wished that it were to do over again, because the clearing away after storm had been so beautiful, the wild, rolling landscape so fascinating in the sunlight, sparkling with random drops. He fancied he could see the shining, voluminous clouds, with outlets of blue sky between, and the dancing little white-caps on the Sound, with a few gulls dipping in the waves toward Gardiner's Island, as he steamed away. . . . But it was snow that was falling, beyond these window panes ; and it seemed to fall between him and the past and shut it off.

As evening came, the white shower spent itself, church and convent showed in a new guise ; with snowy bands or mantlings on the steep roof over the church nave and on the slanting shoulders of the narrow buttresses ; with folds and drifts as soft as ermine nestling along the ledges and projections of the convent. How it brought out their dignity ! the one so meek, the other lofty. The tearful rain had given place to a something white and consecrating in its touch, though formed from the same element. "And so," thought Stephen, "Nature's penance results in

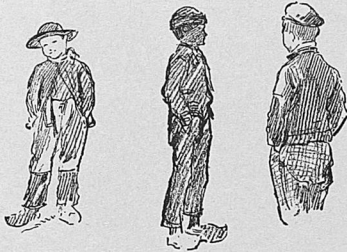


Impounded, Cotton Gin
3 mule team
Hauled on one wheelbarrow

Drawn by Lyell Carr.

A THREE-MULE COTTON TEAM.

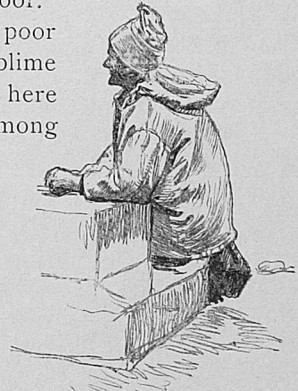
purity. Sorrow turns into loveliness." Once more he found himself repeating: "The poor—the poor. My place is with the poor." Yet what were those Fathers over there, but the poor? poor by choice, too; vowed to poverty. Poor in spirit, but sublime in achievement for good. So the dark basilica, lightened here



Drawn by A. E. Sterner.

DUTCH BOYS.

and there with snow, among the evening shadows, breathed out to him the inspiration of a religion that mingles with daily life, that finds its way among the humble and neglected and brings joy out of misery, planting beauty in the midst of ugliness and transforming it.



Drawn by Charles S. Reinhart.

A BRETON WOMAN.

An emotion passed through Stephen that was like the vibrating of a deep organ-tone. Might it not be possible that, in some distant way at least, this conception of poverty would become real and fruitful in his art?

The new idea had begun to move in Stephen; and the discontent and misery of a little while before fell from him imperceptibly. When he went away from Wakeman, he strolled into the great basilica and lingered reverently there some time, before going on to his modest studio. That night, also, companioned with a thoughtful pipe, all the fragmentary studies he had been producing in the past weeks seemed to gather themselves together in a connected meaning, and new visions rose before him.

VIII.

A LONG time passed. Wakeman got well, and became a problem; but Stephen solved him by taking him in as a pensioner, and afterward factotum, at his studio, a humble, hut-like edifice, originally built for a shop, where there were no shoppers, so that it was both retired and cheap.



Drawn by Carl Wingate.

A CATSKILL COTTAGE.

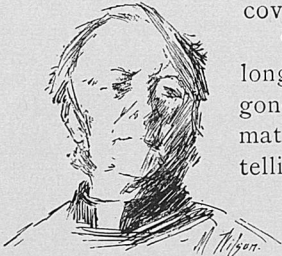
The bust of Monda having come safely from Lansing, he set it up, enshrined, in one corner; watered it daily; kept fresh flowers near it in a crystal vase; and then went on toiling still, absorbed and lonely as an explorer of Arctic seas.

One thawy morning, a sharp tattoo of falling drops from his low eaves seemed to salute an arrival; for at that moment his lean, bronzed mentor Lansing came striding in.

"Well, well, old man," the latter asked, heartily. "What have you been doing in this hermitage?" And then, as

he looked around, craning his neck fantastically: "Hullo! These things! Whose work is this? By Phidias, my boy!—and not by him, either, but away from him, too—you've taken a start. You've begun to do something. No, you've done it; and it's good. It's *new*!" After a further and detailed scrutiny, he continued in a mystified way: "But where did you get all your strength?"

For answer, Stephen walked over to the bust, and silently uncovered it.



Drawn by Maude Wilson.
THE CURATE OF ST. MARK'S.

"I see, I see," responded Lansing, with a long, comprehensive look. "And yet you have gone to the absolute opposite of Monda for your material. How curious! Do you remember my telling you your work was too Greek, yet not Greek enough?"

"Certainly, I remember."

"And that you ought to learn to speak modern languages in your art?—Well, you've found a modern language of your own. Now go on using it. These studies certainly are not Greek; and still they have a fresh unconsciousness that—well, I'll tell you, if you won't be hurt: they make me think of the Tanagra figurines."

"Hurt, Lansing? Why, you couldn't give me better encouragement," Stephen responded, glowing. "It means, they're true and original."



Drawn by F. T. Richards.
A MARYLAND TYPE.

Thereupon Lansing began

to qualify, judicially. "It's odd, though," he said, "how little beauty you give. Ugliness—or, if you like it better—the grotesque, and pain, have got the upper hand, here."

"Perhaps," the sculptor mentioned, "that's part of their newness."

"I admit the fascination," returned his friend. "But is it necessary?"

"Oh, yes; it's essential," the creator of the figures declared. "In life people must go out and deal with existence and misery just as they are. On the moral basis, we have to give compassion and comfort to our fellow-creatures, without stopping to consider whether they are beautiful and pleasurable, or hideous. We have to infuse beauty into them, and ourselves too, in some way—by charity and inspiration."

(To be continued.)



Drawn by
A. E. Sterner.

A YOUNG HOL-
LANDER.



Drawn by Harley D. Nichols.
A SICILIAN HOUSE.



Drawn by Charles E. Hooper.